

Dorothy Dix Talks

DON'T HOLD POST MORTEMS

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

Do you ever play cards with people who hold post mortems over every hand as soon as it is played? Who spread out their cards on the table and bore you to extinction while they explain how the different results would have been if they had played this and that way and the cards had run differently?

A great many people play the game of life that way. They spend half of their time on the "post mortem" of the things that have happened to them. They are beaten because luck was against them, or they made this or that wrong decision, or they failed to take advantage of some good opportunity, or something that somebody else did hoodooed them.

Everybody knows some whiffles, larks, no-account man, too trifling to keep his little store clean and too unenterprising to even notice the kind of goods that other merchants sell, who whines to you that the reason that he is a failure is because he didn't study one of the professions.

He puts in his time dreaming of dreams about what a brilliant lawyer he would have been, or what a successful doctor, or what a spell-binding preacher, instead of getting business and making a success of his own job. And everybody knows the slatternly, lackadaisical woman whose home looks like a pig sty, and who poisons her husband and children on bad food, and who poses as a martyr because she made the fatal mistake of getting married instead of going on the stage, or writing books.

She says sadly that her husband is a good man, and he is very kind to her, and of course, she is fond of her children, but she made a great mistake in marrying at all. She has no taste for domesticity, and she realizes that she is a blighted genius, and she is so busy listening to the imaginary applause she would have got when she brought down the Metropolitan with her singing, that she doesn't hear her baby howling with the colic, or perceive that instead of using great literary success she's a dismal failure at composing a well-balanced meal, and a rotten poor actor as a wife and mother.

And there are other people who sit down supinely and let other people support them while they waste their time and energy recounting how rich and great they used to be, and how much style they lived in, instead of getting up and hustling, and trying to win back a little of their lost money.

And there are still other people who spend their lives in the ghastly occupation of continually robbing their own graves and snatching their corpses out of them, and tearing open the wounds in their hearts every time they show a gleam of hope.

Now of all occupations in the world, none is so foolish, and so fruitless as holding post mortems on the past. Yesterday is yesterday, and no power on earth can bring it back. What has happened has happened, and all the talk in the world won't change it. When the cards are dealt, we've got

our hands, and if we've played them badly and lost, it is waste of breath to speculate about what the result would have been if we had done differently.

The only thing that we can get out of the past is experience. If we have the wit to profit by the lessons we have been taught, we can avoid repeating the mistakes we have made. The battles we have fought in the past, the struggles we have gone through, can strengthen our muscles for the war of the future, but that is absolutely all that the past can do for us. The rest belongs to tomorrow and is on the knees of the gods.

But, if we dwell on the past, it can weaken us, it can rob us of all initiative. It can sap our courage and turn us into timorous cowards. And it can blot all of our happiness out of life.

Suppose a man and woman have made a mistake in choosing their calling, and that they really are better fitted for some other work than the kind they are doing. They gain nothing by wasting their lives in futile lamentations over what they have done. Let them either shut the door of the closet in which hangs the skeleton of their ambitions, and make something of the task they have undertaken, or else have the nerve to cut away from their present occupation, and do the thing they want to do, and which they believe they have a genius for doing.

In these days of opportunity, no one need be a "mute, glorious Milton," or a "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," unless he or she really hasn't a writing acquaintance with the pen, or lacks the grit to fight, after all.

Nor is there any merit in cherishing a grief, although there are some people morbid enough to think that it makes them interesting to be known as one "who has never got over the loss of parent, husband, or child." The brave action is that of the man or woman who buries his or her sorrow out of sight, and turns a smiling face upon a world that is already too sorrow laden.

Even if one has committed some great sin, the wise thing is to bury it deep down in the bottom of one's soul and roll over it the stone of repentance, and forget it. I would especially recommend this course to women who have lived in, and turned from the wrong path into the right road. I urge them to quit thinking about their work days and especially to quit talking about them. Confession is weakness. Be strong enough to bear your own burdens in silence. The way to build up is by atonement, not by weeping over what is past and

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LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

THE GODS OF JADE.

Because I want you to understand, my dear child, that after all has passed, it is the surface of things which affect us most. I'm going to tell you exactly what your "Daddy Karl" and I did last evening.

You remember he came in just as I was writing to you what he, perhaps, would call a little sermon and I was ready to take up the seriousness of it all with him. But one look at his face took it all out of my mind.

"Get on your hat, Katherine, and come out in the new car."

"What new car?" I asked rather stupidly, as I could not come back so rapidly to mundane things.

"Your new car," I repeated.

"Yes, my dear. Don't you realize that today is the anniversary of a very important event?" and then I suddenly remembered that your Daddy Karl and I had been married twenty years.

"Of course," said "Daddy" mischievously. "I'm going to overlook your forgetfulness this once, but don't you ever do it again. When a woman begins to forget her marriage anniversary, something must be very wrong."

Or, else, Karl, I murmured as he bent down to kiss me, "everything must be very right."

"Why do you know, it seems as though we have been always married. Even today, while I've been thinking of my marriage, which must necessarily bring up many memories of my youth, I can hardly make it seem that you are not her father. You have so long been a part of my life the best part of it, Karl, dear, that any other part seems a dream."

"And this brings me, Katherine, to the real present I have for you," answered your Daddy and he laid in my hands two queer little green jade images.

"They were absolutely alike, except that in one the right eye was missing and in the other the left eye was gone."

"How strange," I said, "did these little gods never have but one eye each?"

"Never, and that is the reason why

they always go in pairs. They can see the world as it really is only when they are together. Consequently, they have grown up about them a peculiar tradition which is that if these little gods were ever separated they bring great unhappiness to their possessor. Through all the ages, these gods must be together to bring happiness, according to ancient command. And if a man wishes to do great hurt to his enemy, he contrives sometimes to separate them in his house, or near him, a single one of these little idols. The other he throws into the sea or in inaccessible place."

"By great good luck, my dear, I received these little bits of jade around which this age-old superstition clings, this morning, from an old friend who is now in Egypt. And knowing how you enjoy anything of the kind, I brought them to you. These my friend writes, are supposed to bring particularly good luck, because they were found by a pearl diver, together, deep down in an almost inaccessible cavern."

"How did they get there?" I asked in wonder.

"Well, the story goes, that always when these gods were separated they seek each other; meantime, making all the trouble possible for those who possess either one of them. The diver who brought up these little jade-makers of Destiny, insisted that thousands of years ago a man sent one of these gods to his enemy and threw the other into the sea."

"And through the ages, they were always seeking, seeking each other again. Just how they came together, no one will ever know. But here they are, my dear, and together they mean happiness for their possessor—for you."

I looked at them for a moment and then I said to Karl, "I won't need them. Let's give them to Mary. Look! I'll string them on a cord and place the cord through the leaves of this book and within the next few weeks, I will place this book in her hands and tell her to read the book and preserve the little green gods, jealously after her marriage."

TOMORROW—A Talk with Karl.

(Copyright National Newspaper Service)

Sister Mary's Kitchen

There is not a conserve more delicious than grape to serve with roast fowl. Following is an old recipe known as "Cousin Anne's Grape Conserve."

GRAPE CONSERVE
5 pounds grapes (Concord)
5 pounds sugar
1 pound raisins
2 oranges
1 cup nuts.

Wash grapes and pulp. Cook pulp through fine colander to remove seeds. Put all ingredients into preserving kettle, using the juice and grated rind of the oranges. Cook thirty minutes and put in jelly glasses.

Spiced grapes are good to serve with roasts.

SPICED GRAPES
14 cups grapes measured after seeds are removed.
2 1/2 pounds sugar (7 cups).
1 cup grape juice.
1 cup vinegar.
1 tablespoon ground cloves.
2 tablespoons ground cinnamon.

Stem grapes. Pulp. Cook pulp and skins separately. Put pulp through sieve to remove seeds. Measure pulp and skins. Put grapes in preserving kettle. Add sugar, grape juice and spices. Boil thirty minutes. Add spices and cook until thick as desired. Put in jelly glass.

White grapes are plentiful all year to make grape juice for use during the winter and the next summer. Many dessert can be made from grape juice by "adding a raisin" who know what drinks might refresh one? Concord grapes are best for juice as they are richer than older varieties. In fact Concord grapes are first choice for canning and preserving.

GRAPE JUICE
Pick Concord grapes from stem. Wash thoroughly. Put in preserving kettle and heat stirring constantly. When broken pour into jelly bag and let drip. Measure and use one-fourth cup of sugar to every cup of juice. Boil juice and sugar to the boiling point. Pour into hot bottles while boiling and seal.

Grape butter is easy to make and is so good with plain bread and butter and tea. Any kind of grape may be used. The grapes are pulped and seeded. Then skins and pulp measured together and sugar added in the proportion of pound for pound of fruit and sugar. Cook till thick and put into jelly glasses.

Worry pays no debts. Work lays by a surplus.

MARY.

DR. VANCE'S DAILY ARTICLE

They say that sometimes a patient who has been ill with typhoid fever and who has practically recovered becomes reinfected with the germ and suffers a relapse. The doctors regard this reinflection as more dangerous and difficult to control than the original disease.

There is such a thing as moral reinflection. The man who is fighting a spiritual disease seems about to win his way back to health. The will has struggled with the adversary and routed him. Temptation has been resisted. The foe of the soul has been overthrown. The struggle against visible antagonists has been fierce and long, but integrity has been maintained, and out of it all, the soul emerges triumphant. It is a great recovery.

Then in some strange and subtle way the germ of evil makes a rear attack, and there is a reinflection. The battle must be fought over again. There has been a spiritual relapse. But this relapse is more dangerous and deadly than the first infection.

Which means that it is not a harmless thing to fail. The man who allows his will to go down repeatedly before temptation steadily diminishes his resisting power. Every time he suffers a moral relapse, he slips closer to the edge of hell.

Every time he cleans up his life and then lets it go foul again, his moral perceptions are dulled, and his chances of ultimate and permanent reform diminished. The man who dallies

with evil plays with fire. Beware of reinflection.

This is the point in the parable of the man who got rid of an unclean spirit, but the unclean spirit returned and found the man who had been driven out, but goodness had not been installed in its place. The attack was renewed, and seven spirits more wicked than the first came in, and the last state of that man was worse than the first—seven times worse.

That is what moral reinflection does. To yield a second time to the same temptation is to tumble seven steps lower than the first fall. To daily with temptation is to give the foe of your soul every advantage.

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

AMY LOWELL.

This great and gifted woman in judgment often sits; her genius superhuman equips her she admits. The words of epochs older she says, were merely puns; we thought their works were golden, but now we know they're junk. Oh, music filled their verses when those birds used to write; but Amy rears and curses when rhythm is in sight. She lectures in her attic

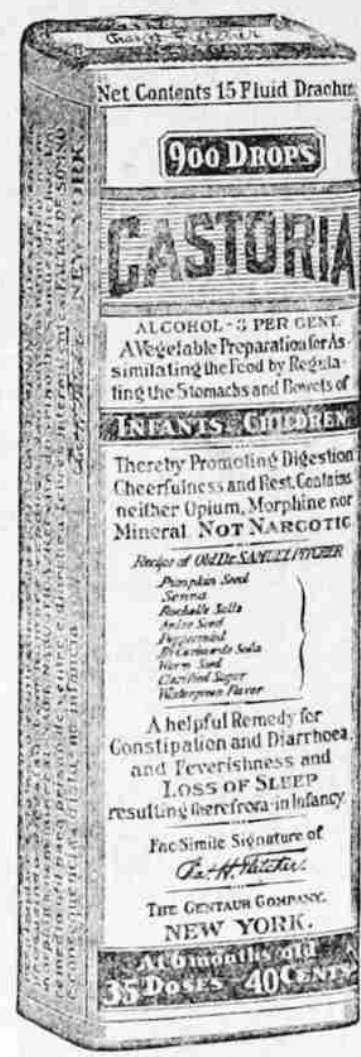
False Claims.

WE hope there is no Mother who thinks she can treat her sick baby without calling in a Physician, or with remedies that she uses for herself.

Most Mothers know that Baby requires remedies especially prepared for babies, yet there are some who think that what is good enough for them is good enough for Baby, and it is to these Mothers we appeal to give nothing to their babies that is not specially prepared for babies or recommended by their Physician.

False claims may kill, but false claims can never restore your child.

For over thirty years Fletcher's Castoria has been aiding in the reduction of the deaths among infants as Mothers have become more and more acquainted with it. Always keep it in the house.



Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Mothers Must Use Care.

Why do we so often call your attention to imitations of Fletcher's Castoria? Because it is a baby's medicine and imitations are always dangerous, particularly imitations of a remedy for infants.

Your druggist may not keep an imitation but they are to be found on drug-store shelves. Reliable druggists think only of the welfare of their customers. The other kind only of the greater profit to be made on imitations.

Your own judgment tells you that Fletcher's Castoria having for over thirty years at great expense held up its reputation, must jealously guard it. Then, it follows that this company must use the very best of material. Must employ experts in the selection of the herbs. Must retain skilled chemists in its manufacture.

Your same good judgment must tell you that these irresponsible imitators are trading on your credulity and the reputation built up by Mr. Fletcher, during all these years, for his Castoria.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE PUD MUDDLE.

(Copyright, 1926, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(By Howard R. Garis.)
Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice bunny rabbit gentleman, was riding his paper in the hollow stump bungalow one morning when, all of a sudden, Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, came hopping up the front steps.

"Goodness gracious me, takes and some soap bubble popcorn balls!" cried Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzey, the muskrat lady housekeeper. "What's the matter, Sammie? Is the school house on fire and did the lady mouse teacher burn her whiskers?"

"Oh, no! Nothing like that," answered the rabbit boy, as he tried to twinkle his pink nose as Uncle Wiggly did. "I'd look a good deal happier if the school house were on fire, only, of course, I wouldn't want the lady mouse teacher's whiskers to be burned, or even scorched. But you ought to see what's down the path in the woods! There's a million mice running along, and may be they're coming here!" cried Sammie.

"What's that you say?" asked Nurse Jane. "A million mice? Oh, I hope they aren't all my relations coming to dinner," and the muskrat lady looked very much worried.

"What's all this going on?" asked Uncle Wiggly, coming out of his hollow stump bungalow, and looking over the tops of his glasses at Sammie. "Somebody coming to dinner, Nurse Jane?"

"Oh, you ought to see, Uncle Wiggly," cried Sammie. "There's about two million mice running along the path in the woods. I saw them as I was going to school."

"Tut! Tut!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. "Are you sure there were exactly two million mice, Sammie?"

"Well, maybe there was one million, anyhow," spoke the rabbit boy.

"Let's go see," proposed the old habit gentleman. So he and Sammie went down the woodland path, and there they saw Mr. Mouse and Mrs. Mouse and their five children walking along, each one carrying a dried leaf bag filled with grains of corn and wheat.

"Good morning," said Uncle Wiggly to the gentleman mouse. "Where are the rest of you, and where are you going?"

"This is all there are of us," answered Mr. Mouse. "My family and I are moving in from the field to our home in the hollow tree. It will soon be winter, and it will be too cold for us in the field. Why did you think there were more of us?"

"Because, Sammie said—," began Uncle Wiggly.

"Well, it seemed like a million mice," said the rabbit boy, sort of ashamed of himself. "I saw them there up seven," he went on, as he looked at Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and the five children.

"Well, seven is a good way from two million," remarked Uncle Wiggly with a smile. "You must not get so excited, Sammie. And now run along to school and say your lessons for the lady mouse teacher. I'll help Mr. and Mrs. Mouse move into their winter home. And that reminds me, I must get in my supply of wood and some thing to eat this winter."

So Sammie ran on to school, while Uncle Wiggly helped the Field Mouse family to move. And in the afternoon, when the bunny rabbit gentleman was sitting on his front porch in the sun, warming his pink nose so it would twinkle better, all of a sudden, a mouse came running Sammie, the rabbit boy, again.

"Oh, Wunkle Uggly," stammered Sammie. "Quinnie Junstail is in the pud muddle!"

"What's that?" asked Uncle Wiggly, jumping out of his chair.

"Urry hup!" went on Sammie. "Just

as I was schooling from come, Jushe Bonnettail pipped and fell into the pud muddle!"

"What in the world are you talking about?" asked the bunny gentleman. Try and not be so excited, Sammie. Tell me what has happened and I'll do my best. What is it?"

"Wushie Johnnettail is in the pud muddle!" was all the rabbit boy could say.

"Oh, he must mean Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel, is in some sort of a trap," spoke Nurse Jane, coming out of the hollow stump bungalow. "Hurry Uncle Wiggly!"

"I'll hurry," said Uncle Wiggly, looking around for his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch. "But I never heard of a pud muddle trap. It must be a new kind, and very bad, from the way Sammie is acting," for the rabbit boy was dancing up and down and pointing his paw down the woodland path.

"Urry hup, Wunkle Uggly," cried Sammie.

"I guess he's trying to say 'hurry up, Uncle Wiggly,'" said Nurse Jane.

"Very likely," agreed Mr. Longears. "Dear me, I never got any one out of a pud muddle trap, he went on.

"I hardly know what to do," said Uncle Wiggly, following Sammie down the path. Soon he heard yowling shouts and laughter and a moment later he saw Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the two squirrel boys, wading in a little pond near the side of the woods. They were splashing muddy water all over.

"There they are," said Sammie. "Billie's in, too, though he wasn't at first. Look, Uncle Wiggly!"

"Why, there's only having fun in a mud puddle," said Mr. Longears. "They're in no danger, Sammie. Why didn't you say at first, that they were in a mud puddle?"

"Well, I tried to," stammered Sammie, "but I couldn't get the words right. All I could say was pud muddle."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "I told you not to get excited, Sammie. However, no harm is done, but if you go a little slower you'll get along better. Now you'd better play in the pud muddle yourself, with the squirrel boys."

So Sammie did, taking off his shoes and stockings as the squirrel boys had done. And they had lots of fun. And if the match box doesn't get lost in the dark, so it can't find the gas stove to go to sleep in the oven. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and his winter wood.

Women Claim Modern Dress Cause Of Immorality Wave in Schools

By MARGERET DONNELLY.

DES MOINES, Iowa.—Sensible dress for all women from the cradle to the grave.

A nation-wide campaign to this end was advocated by Mrs. T. Parkin Scott, of Relay, Md., at the Service Star Legion convention, held in Des Moines, in September.

"This campaign will be a sure cure," says Mrs. Scott, "for much of the immoral wave sweeping this country."

Her suggestion was provoked by a resolution introduced at the convention favoring a uniform standard dress for high school girls. The resolution is to be revised to favor sensible dressing for all women, according to Mrs. Scott's suggestion.

TWO YARDS OF CHIFFON.
"Why stop in the schoolroom?" Mrs. Scott asked, "why not go into the ball room where your school girl dances and has her parties. I object strenuously to a girl appearing at a dance in two yards of narrow chiffon in the evening. This sort of clothing together with soft lights, music and dancing have a very bad moral effect on our young men. I advocate sensible dressing for all women from the cradle to the grave."

Mrs. A. W. Funkhauser, of Evansville, Ind., remarked:

"Before passing a resolution about high school girls' dresses, we should get after the grandmothers who wear knee-length dresses and ear-puffs."

Mrs. George W. Sawkins, of Toledo, Ohio, suggested that the Service Star Legion endorse modest clothing for all women, young and old. Many of the mothers endorsed the high school uniform dress plan as a boon to harassed womanhood. Others declared it an imposition and insisted every mother had a right to dress her daughter as she saw fit.

MODERN DRESS AS BADLY
In the opinion of Mrs. J. A. Blanchard



ard of Des Moines, it might be a matter of personal rights, but the question of high school girls' clothing and its effect on the growing boy had to be considered. She declared

her son had cited instances of girls appearing in class in nearly black evening dresses.

"Mothers," she said, "dress as badly as they like. I don't care. But I care for my girls."

All verses must be halting, or I will shoot them hence; no pauper must be paunting that shows a lick of sense."

Bimini, the small West Indian island off the Florida coast, was thought by the early Spaniards to contain the mythical fountain of youth.

BY ALLMAN

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Women Make Their Own Rules for Gambling.

